

## Little Girl 103

Chapter 103: Stealing the Dragon and Turning the Phoenix

"Wait."

Monk Jun spoke up to stop the two men.

"Sir, those belongings belong to my elder brother and sister-in-law; we wanted to take them back to comfort our parents."

The two burly men spoke cautiously.

These two burly men were the two thieves who had escaped last night.

Fearing real evil ghosts, they sought help from the government, only to find two corpses.

However, the little ghost was nowhere to be seen.

The two did not dare to make a public fuss; they just wanted to complete their employer's mission and secure their reward first.

The employer had ordered them to kill a mother and son duo and to locate a certain box by any means necessary.

The box, identical to the one before them now.

As long as they returned the box, their task would be complete.

"You claim they are your brother and sister-in-law. So tell me, how old is your sister-in-law this year?"

Monk Jun scrutinized the two men.

"My sister-in-law is 20, surname Shi, a resident of Qingniu Village."

The two burly men answered fluently.

Monk Jun glanced at the female corpse.

He waved his hand, signaling the burly men to take the box.

The male corpse was about eight feet tall, approximately in his thirties, his fingertips notably thick, clearly a practitioner.

Qingniu Village, Shi Yingying, twenty years old, the home of the Emperor's Noble Shi resided there.

As for the female corpse on the ground, aged 42, clearly not the same person.

And then, there was the box.

Although newly made, the box had no keyhole; it was sealed shut.

The patterns on it were intricate, yet they weren't the folk style of Longteng but rather of the court artists from the bygone era of Hongluan Country.

Someone was after this box, going so far as to murder the Noble... someone switched out the Noble with another.

Interesting, this matter.

Monk Jun kept his composure, simply ordering the government officer to take the corpses back.

"Has there been any recent murder in Ping'an County?"

"Reporting to the sir, the only recent case occurred in the neighboring Bainiao City where the madam of Tianxiang Building, Liu Family, was killed."

"Is Madame Liu forty-two years old this year?"

"Indeed."

"Has anything unusual happened nearby lately?"

"Reporting to the sir, a strange incident took place a few weeks ago in the woods four or five miles from the town outskirts. Dozens of wolves were found dead in a manner identical to the corpses here and the villagers of Qian Village."

"Identical?"

Monk Jun pondered.

"Yes, all died appearing like mummies, their bodies devoid of flesh and blood, leaving only skin and bones. Apart from Madame Liu's case, the other mummy-like incidents likely involve the same perpetrator."

Monk Jun did not ask further; he stroked his chin, his eyes reflecting deep thoughts.

Apparently the work of the same person, yet perhaps not entirely so.

Good news stays within doors, bad news spreads far and wide.

The news that two people died at the burial mound spread quickly.

In a ruined temple outside the city, Xin Lin just settled Xin Zhuo and his mother.

After consecutive shocks, the Noble Shi was quite frightened, and after drinking some herbal medicine, she fell into a deep sleep.

"Sister, can my mother and I safely reach Zixiao City?"

Xin Zhuo was anxious.

"Don't worry, if we follow my plan, the culprit behind the scenes would surely think you both are already dead. You won't be pursued along the way. However, now that you have a physical body, you must intensify your cultivation efforts and regather Spiritual Energy to protect your mother effectively. Sister won't always be by your side."

In Xin Lin's eyes, Fu Xi's Energy had already dissipated.

After practicing the One Vein Scripture, Xin Lin could gather Fu Xi's Energy in his eyes but the duration was brief.

The happenings at the burial mound, needless to say, were all Xin Lin's doing.

A sneer broke the siblings' conversation.

"You're seeking death."